And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.
Hora. What if it tempt you towards the floud my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull ſommet of the cleefe
That bettels ore his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignтie of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe, thinke of it,
The verie place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes ſo many fadomes to the Sea
And heares it rore beneath.
Ham. It waues me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each pettie attire in this bodie
As hardie as the *Nemean* Lions nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me,
I ſay away, goe one, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghoſt and Hamlet.*
Hora. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of *Denmarke*.
Hora. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, ſpeake, Ile go no further.
Ghoſt. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt come
When I to ſulphrous and tormenting flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Pittie mee not but lend my ſerious hearing to what I ſhall vnfold.
Ham. Speake I am bound to heare.
Ghoſt. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit,
Doom'd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my daies of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale vnfold whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young bloud,
Make thy two eies like ſtarres ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and bloud, liſt, liſt, O liſt,
If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father loue.
Ham. O God.
Ghoſt. Reuenge his foule, and moſt vnnatural murther.
Ham. Murther.
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haſte me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May ſweepe to my reuenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhouldeſt thou be then the fat weed
That roots it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'ſt thou not ſtirre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo the whole eare of *Denmarke*
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankely abuſed: but know thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham. O my Prophetike ſoule my Vncle.